Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by and by,
Leaue me friends.
I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such businesse as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature! let not euer,
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome!
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them seales neuer my soule consent. *Exit.*

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnesse range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazerd so neer's as doth hourely grow,
Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our selues prouide,
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feed vpon your Maiesty.

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
To whose hugh spokes, tenn thousand lesser things
Are mortiest and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each

Each small annexment, pety con
Attends the boystrous raine, neu
Did the King sigh, but a general
King. Arme you I pray you to
For we will fetters put about thi
Which now goes too free-foote
Ros. We will haste vs.

Enter

Pol. My Lord, he's going to
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my
To here the professe, I'le warran
And as you said, and wisely was
Tis meete that some more audie
Since nature makes them partial
The speech of vantage; fare you
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to
And tell you what I know.
King. Thankes deere my Lo
O my offence is rancke, it smels
It hath the primall eldest curse v
A brothers murther, pray can I
Though inclination be as sharp
My stronger guilt defeats my st
And like a man to double busin
I stand in pause where I shall firs
And both neglect: what if this
Were thicker then it selfe with b
Is there not raine enough in the
To wash it white as snow? where
But to confront the visage of off
And what's in praier but this tw
To be forestalled ere we come t
Or pardon being downe, then I
My faults is past, but oh! what fo
Can serue my turne? forgiue me
That cannot be since I am still p
Of those affects for which I did
My Crowne, mine owne ambitio

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